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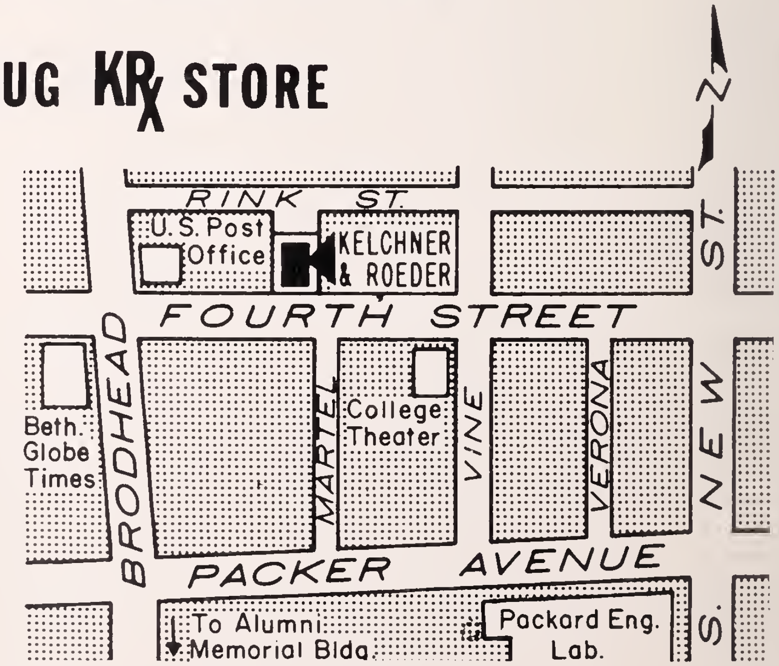

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PAISLEY

JANUARY 1968 VOLUME 2, No. 1

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The Lost Vision

The Book of Proverbs says: "When there is no vision, the people perish." This terse quote sums up perhaps the most basic problem in America today, and suggests what might be in store for the future if that problem is not resolved as quickly as possible.

The problem referred to is the lack of vision of the United States government evidenced in the conduct of the Vietnam war and its widespread repercussions throughout the nation. What our visionless government has done is lost all sense of proportion and priority in order to pursue a conflict 10,000 miles from home, a conflict whose purposes and goals have been reshaped and redefined continuously

It is interesting to note that in his campaign for the presidency in 1964, President Johnson asserted that: "We are not about to send American boys nine or ten thousand miles away from home to do what Asian boys ought to be doing for themselves."

At the time of this statement, which was probably made in all sincerity, there were fewer than 50,000 American soldiers in Vietnam. Today there are 525,000.

The policy of escalation has been in effect for three years and its accomplishments are highly uncertain. General Westmoreland, commander of U. S. troops in Vietnam, returns home every six months to assure the American public that "we are making steady progress." On his most recent jaunt to Washington, the General even conceded the possibility of withdrawing "a token number of troops" after the next two years. Does this mean that we must look forward to at least two more years of bloody warfare at the cost of $30 billion per year? And how many times during these two years will our leaders redefine our goals?

No wonder there is a "creditability gap" when our leaders are unable to produce a consistent definition of our objectives. Sometimes they tell us we are fighting to assure the South Vietnam people of their right to self-determination; at other times, they say we are fighting to honor our committments; and still other times, they say we are fighting to prevent the spread of communism. The American public does not know what to believe anymore.

Although each of these objectives is relevant to our pursuit of the war none have real meaning anymore. Rather, we are fighting in Vietnam to uphold our dignity and respect in a world which observes and scrutinizes every move we make. The Administration has obscured our original objectives (whatever they were) and become totally obsessed with winning a war in which victory is almost impossible in order to preserve the "American ego."

The pertinent question therefore is whether it is worth $80 million a day to uphold the "American ego" which would probably suffer little if we were to accede to some of the demands of North Vietnam in order to reach the peace tables.

Besides its high financial needs, the war in Vietnam is killing innocent Vietnamese as well as 250 American boys each week. It is threatening the education of our future leaders by causing increases in the draft rates and an abandonment of most graduate deferments. It has brought on new heights of civil disobedience, unprecedented factionalism within the Democratic Party, a general atmosphere of disillusionment and despair within American society, revolt on the college campus, and an ever-increasing lack of confidence in the United States government.

The $80 million a day used to support the war has drained financial support from the civil rights program, the war against poverty, and the improvement of our cities.

Which comes back to that lost sense of proportion and priority within our government. Everything is overshadowed by the war whose proportion is out of hand and whose priority remains questionable. President Johnson, General Westmoreland and the rest of the "hawk" leaders have lost all vision of America's problems. Until they regain that vision, the future of America and its people hangs in the balance.

Of Enlightenment

In the Atlantic Monthly of May, 1962, noted columnist Walter Lippman, said that every truly civilized and enlightened man is conservative, liberal and progressive. As a conservative, said Mr. Lippman, man is "the indefatigable defender of our own constitutional doctrine, which is that all power, all ogvernment, all officials, all parties and all majorities are under the law and that none of them is sovereign and omnipotent."

The civilized and enlightened man is liberal, continued Mr. Lippman, because "the writing and administration of the laws is done with enlightenment and compassion, with tolerance and charity, and with affection."

In conclusion, said Lippman, the civilized and enlightened man is progressive because "the times change and the social order evolves and new things are invented and changes occur."

I would agree fully with Lippman's conception of the truly civilized and enlightened man, but his conception causes me to look at America, both its leaders and its public, and wonder whether this nation is truly civilized and enlightened.

Does the nation as a whole defend our constitutional doctrines? No- look at the present state of the American Negro. Does the government refrain from omnipotence? No- look at the conduct of the Vietnam war. Are the people tolerant, affectionate and compassionate? No- look again at the Negro, at the domination of self-interest in the society and at the ruthlessness of competition, both in business and among individuals.

These answers deny the spirit of true conservatism and true liberalism in America today. It is true that the progressive spirit is in evidence for affluence and wealth are too abundant for stagnation to occur. However, it would be overlooking reality to say that America conforms to Lippman's definition of true civilization and enlightenment. America is civilized, but I don't think it is enlightened.

The purpose of the Paisley is to enlighten; to make our readers more aware of some of the problems, movements and divisions which exist in America today. We discuss America's political despair, its youth and their problems, contemporary movements on the music scene, and an almost unknown form of living-that of the prison. Additionally, there are other Paisley features to amuse, inform and enlighten.

In conclusion, I would like to dedicate the Paisley to Robert J. Sullivan, associate professor of journalism at Lehigh University, who is truly an enlightened American. Even more important, he is an unusually fine person.

PNL

THE

By Steve Burton

In case you haven't listened to your radio, been in a record store, or read a newspaper in the last two years, there's a Revolution going on in the field of Pop Music. Like any revolution, this one has had background, leaders, and splinter groups. Also, like any revolution, there has been opposition, criticism, and groups that continue to favor the old order. The leaders of our Revolution started out with a following in a particular socio-economic group: this phase of the Revolution did not last long however.

Back in 1964 you had to be careful. To admit liking the Beatles could endanger your reputation if you were over the age of 16. Certainly the adult world could find nothing to rave about in wanting " To Hold Your Hand" or "Yeh, Yeh, Yeh." Then the Beatles' first movie, " A Hard Day's Night," appeared and pro-Beatle reviewers, editorial writers, solemn essayists, the intelligentsia generally, including Leonard Bernstein, began to nod approvingly. Indeed now, the Revolution was gaining the support of people from all walks of life.

There's a widespread notion that the

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BEATLES Yesterday and Today

" new Beatle sound" first became audible on the "Sgt. Pepper" album. This just isn't true. The first rumblings, or should we say groovings, of the Revolution date back a year and a half earlier to December, 1965, when the LP entitled " Rubber Soul" was released.

According to Capitol Records, Inc.,this album showed "the first traces of the Beatles' present proclivity for electronic transfiguration, subtle syncopations, and outlandish metric meanderings." In this album George played the sitar for the first time: Paul played piano, harmonium, and " fuzz bass" and Ringo played on the Hammond organ. One of the most important aspects of the Beatles' contribution to our Revolution, beginning with this album has been their fracturing of the stereotype of the popular song. They successfully abandoned the standard 32 bar Broadway show tune and the imperative that all songs should be written with an eight bar opening, an eight bar repeat, a middle or " bridge" of eight bars and an eight bar reprise.

In addition, the Beatles have avoided the never-never land of the Tin Pan Alley lyricist and replaced it with an entirely new poetic universe. All the taboos of pop song writing were knocked down by the Beatles.

They write in unusual lengths, they use difficult and unusual melodic lines (the pop song used to be written for a ten-year old) they use difficult and unusual chor changes, complex, sometimes broken rhythms and they no longer maintain an inflexible, constant tempo.

This expansive trend continued in the LP following "Rubber Soul" which was titled " Yesterday and Today." It became even more apparent in " Revolver" which many critics consider to be their finest work. This time additional musicians were brought in. A brief beautiful horn obbligato accompanying "For No One" and played by Alan Civil; Anil Bhagwar playing the Indian tabla behind " Love You To;" and experimental manipulations and superimposings of tapes in the modern electronic manner " Revolver" and " Rubber Soul" are albums that can be played uninterrupted from start to finish, as every song is a pleasure to listen to again and again. The single which followed " Revolver," "Strawberry Fields Forever" and " Penny Lane" were similarly avant garde.

This brings us up, chronologically to "Sgt. Pepper," the international conversation piece -- a practically indescribable collection of twelve (or thirteen depending on how you count) ornate, contrasting yet occultly related songs.

The popularity of the "Sgt. Pepper" album, sales already past 2.3 million copies, didn't seem to suffer from its banning by the BBC and at least one American radio station " for encouraging a permissive attitude toward drug-taking." I quote the replay of one columnist in answer to this:

The Beatles denied the charge, and that, for me, settles the matter. I'm going to drop it in the grass right there, so many words, many of them acid, having already been written about it, hashing it over, keeping the pot boiling.

There have been many interpretations of the over-all meaning and significance of " Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band." One reviewer described it as " a gallery of Lonely Hearts and a portrait of mid-century manners and madness -- a sort of sociological study in song." Another said: " The record has the air of being both a tour de force and an experiment. It's an experiment with new instruments and new kinds of music and an exhibition of feats the Beatles have been able to perform with new resources and proficiency."

Taking a final selection we have these words of wisdom: " If it says anything at all, it declares that the conventional world of jobs, money, and status is blind, brutal, and destructive, that it is full of people who 'hide themselves behind a wall of illusion.'" Before going into some of the individual cuts on the album let us briefly mention three important over-all innovations:

-- A group of George's Indian friends playing the sitar tamboura, dilruba, and the table-harp.

-- A string octet, with harp and harpsichord.

-- A 41-piece symphony orchestra,

**"'A Day in the Life' is most significant
As a terrifying statement on modern life."**

recruited from the Royal Philharmonic.

Let us look now at some of the individual songs from the album. The performance begins with the title song of the album, "Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band," presenting an introduction to "the show." One reviewer tied this song and the album cover together like this:

The cover shows the funeral of the Beatles. They stand by -- reincarnated as Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band. The name is a joke at their own expense. In the beginning of their popularity, the Beatles were hardly more than the adorable center of the largest lonely hearts club in the world -- the club made up of Beatle fans. Now they've passed far beyond the stage of being idols for lonely people and can well afford the joke.

Some have pointed out that the initials of the major words in "Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds" spells LSD. The song certainly appears to paint a psychedelic picture but on the other hand, John Lennon claims that his little son Julian came home from school one day with a painting which he said was just that: "Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds."

Another one of the more talked about songs is "She's Leaving Home." In a song about a girl running away from home, the parents' lament, "We gave her everything money could buy," is answered by the line, "Fun money can't buy." But the song's ultimate comment -- slipped in so subtly that one is prone to miss it -- is the line, "She's leaving home after living alone." Certainly, this song would serve as excellent evidence for those who claim the album to be a social commentary.

In the last song on the first side," Being for the Benefit of Mr. Kite!!! there are four harmonica players. The song has a quaintly attractive music hall sound and one columnist found it to best demonstrate the mood of the whole record. It tells of a show on the trampoline, jumps through hogsheads of fire, Henry the Horse dancing the waltz and Mr. K. demonstrating "ten summersets he'll undertake on solid ground." To her the album is an exhibition of musical somersaults, fiery leaps and other feats.

George Harrison wrote the first song on the second side, a hauntingly beautiful number named "Withing You, Without You" in which Harrison sings and is featured along with the Indian musicians. The other Beatles do not appear on this track.

George's lyric is beautifully poetic, with deeply reflective lines such as "with our love we could save the world -- if they only knew" and "when you've seen beyond yourself -- then you may find peace of mind is waiting there -- and the time will come when you see we're all one and life flows on within you and without you. . ."

"When I'm Sixty-Four" is pure satire, but with a great deal of charm and sympathy. It's a great put-on of the corny fox trots of the twenties, yet it too has something to say. "Will you still need me, will you still feed me, when I'm sixty-four?" The life it projects for this pair of putative senior citizens is so square and still so delightful ("Doing the garden, digging the weeds"), that it is difficult to know where the satire cuts or where one would wish oneself. At the same time, it raises the question of what this generation will be doing when they're sixty-four, that is, in about the year 2010.

Paul McCartney plays piano on" Lovely Rita" (a song about a meter maid written from a story Lennon heard from an American) and the other Beatles play combs and paper on that track.

There need be little doubt, that the song which has provoked the most comment of all is the final cut on the album. The reason that the BBC and at least one American station banned the album is found in this number "A Day in the Life" because of the chorus "I'd love to turn you on," and its drug connotations.

The Beatles have denied that it's about drugs. The song obviously uses the expression to mean "I'd love to make you aware of what's happening -- to turn you on to what this world is really like." This does not exclude the possibility that drugs are a part of what the world is really like. Drug terminology is part of the vocabulary of the Beatles, in both words and music, but today this terminology is applied to many other things as well.

According to one critic, "A Day In The Life" is more significant for being a terrifying and ironic statement on many aspects of modern life. (Again in keeping with our overall picture). Lennon and McCartney describe a world populated by crowds that fail to recognize "a lucky man who made the grade," then blew his mind out in a car, people who rush to work each morning and escape into dreams, a crowd that turns its eyes away from the horrors of war and newspapers that compile meaningless statistics. The lyric and music are impressionistic and complement each other, with huge war sounds emanating from special tapes and reverberator. Paul McCartney conducted the 41-piece orchestra to an overwhelming and final masterpiece.

Everytime you listen to "Sgt. Pepper's" with somebody else he's bound to try to point out something new. It might be the breathless panting in "Lovely Rita" or the alarm clock that goes off in "A Day in the Life."

However, a single group cannot be credited with the entire Revolution in the field of Pop Music. The Rolling Stones, The Animals, The Doors, The Cream, and many more groups of the psychedelic-sound, each comprise a unit in our forces. In time each of these groups will hold a different place, as far as longevity is concerned. However, the odds of history forgetting the leaders of our Revolution are indeed remote. Finally, and perhaps the most important thing about this Revolution is that it is constantly moving and growing. There is no telling or predicting in what direction it will go next, and maybe that's what makes it so exciting.

Interchapter I

The brown, curly-haired man stood up and looked at his number, then handed it to the barber. As he climbed into the chair, he studied himself in the large mirror.

"My hair is pretty hard to cut," he said. "What I want is a neat trim on the sides and top, but don't make it too thin over the ears."

"Okay," said the barber.

"Try not to shorten the sideburns too much if you can help it," he said. "You might have a little trouble making the curls come out even, but if you thin it a little you can probably smooth them out. Oh, and only take a little off the wave."

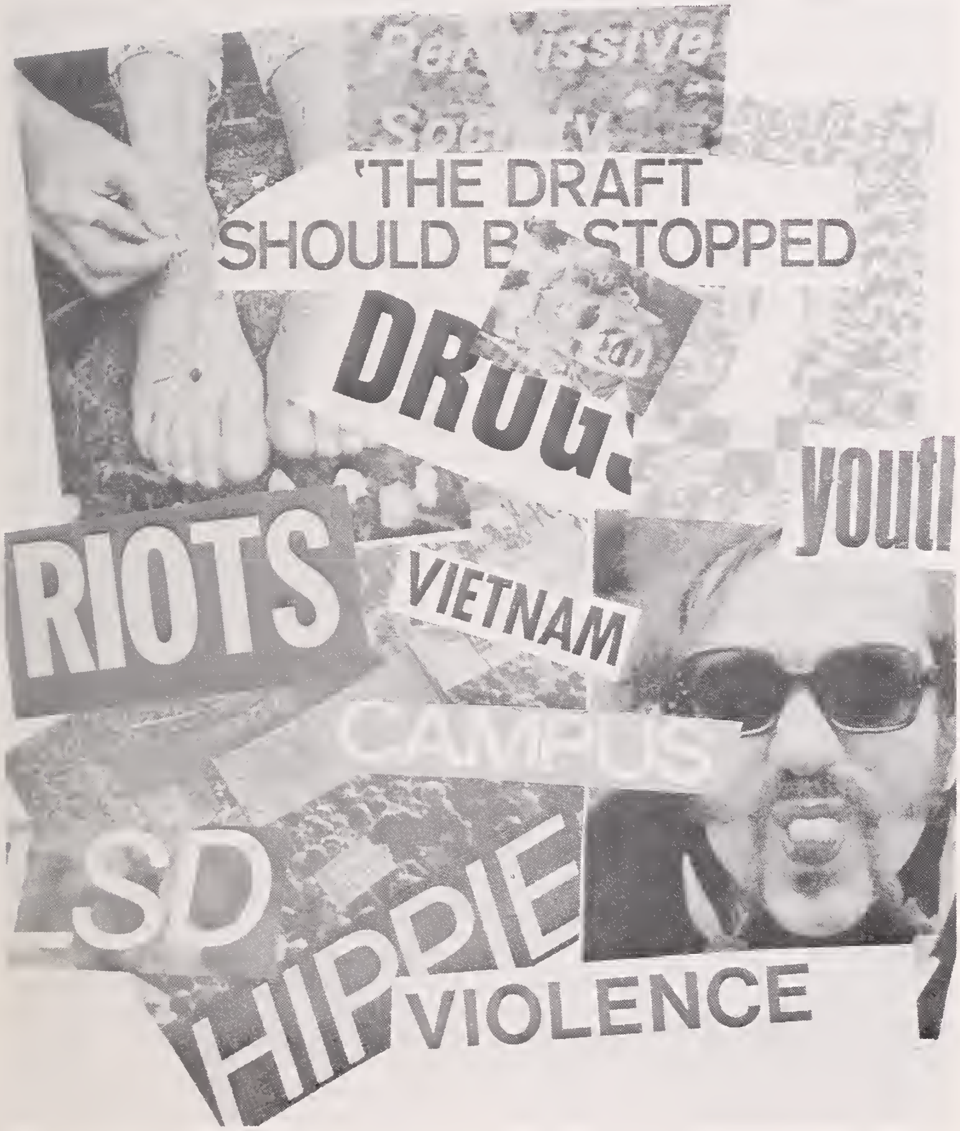
"Pretty much a regular hair-cut, right?" the barber asked.

"Well, yeah, I guess so," said the man.

-PETER DEVOLUY

Youth And The Changing 60's

By Peter N. Littman



It has been called the electrical drama, the era of the bomb, the atomic generation, the permissive society and a great variety of other coined phrases. What these expressions all refer to is the American society of the mid-1960's which has been changing and will probably continue changing more rapidly than ever before.

The roots of the changing '60's date back to the 19th century and through a steady process of growth and development, American society has been transformed into something comparable to nothing ever seen in the past.

Undoubtedly, the unique aspect of that society is the separation that exists between people over 30 and those under 30, which has been commonly referred to as the "generation gap." Although this gap is one of America's oldest landmarks, the cleavage today is wider than ever before. To bear this out, one need only cast his eye as far as the nearest college campus to notice its signs manifest in

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> **"Kennedy represented the hope for the future.**
> **. . . the link between youth and their parents"**

a variety of ways: the widespread use of marijuana and other psychedilic drugs, the new sexual freedom and permissiveness; the increasing activities of student protest movements; and youth's continual search for new means of self-assertion.

These trends are unique to today's college generation, and they will go down in history as such. However, it was not something which happened overnight. It all started back in the 1870's with the advent of the Industrial Revolution. If any one event is to be considered most important in changing America from a rural nation to a great industrial power it was this. It brought about fast inexpensive means of production causing a population movement from rural areas to new industrialized urban complexes. Coupled with great waves of immigration whose participants manned the factories, this movement brought about the growth of cities into huge industrial and business centers. When the cities became overcrowded, noisy and slum-ridden, the leaders of this new society moved out of the cities and brought on the birth of the suburbs.

Industry became the center of a new materialistically oriented society producing the 9-5 commuter existence of the "organization man," and a basically affluent society. Two world wars made the United States the most powerful nation in the world, and successful emergence from a great depression made the bulk of American society financially secure.

I mention the wars and the depression to bring out a major difference between the experiences of today's youth and those of other generations. People today over 60 were brought up during the first world war, those over 50 were brought up during the depression, and those over 40 grew up during the second world war, filling their youth with problems and hardships. Those over 30 today, with childhood memories of the war, reached adolescence soon after it and were anxious to take advantage of America's opportunities, and thankful they were able to do so.

In contrast, today's youth were brought up with no memories of hardship and know affluence and security. Since they had no awareness of real hardship, the problems of American society, which always existed in some form, are much more obvious and irksome to them. What was acceptable to other generations which knew of real disaster is not acceptable to a generation which is unable to compare.

Just as important as the wars and the depression were to other generations, has been one important experience of today's college generation. Born in the post-war baby boom between 1945 and 1950, most of them were in the midst of their "formative years" on Nov. 22, 1963. On this day, President John F. Kennedy, the youngest man ever elected President, was assassinated. Indeed it was a black day for the entire world, but it was particularly tragic for the 15 million American teen-agers who learned of their President's death over their high school public address systems that Friday.

For them it was more than the death of their president, for he represented more than just political leadership. To quote Professor Bill Ward of Syracuse University, "...he was physically, intellectually, ideologically and ethically the perfect symbol of all their dreams." President Kennedy represented the hope for the future. He provided the link between youth and their parents' generation. In short, he was their charismatic leader, a model with whom they could identify.

In a recent article in Playboy, Max Lerner stated that every adolescent must pass through two crucial periods to "achieve a sense of selfhood." First he must identify himself with a model and second he must break from the model and assert his own selfhood. However, if the first stage is a failure, says Lerner, the second stage cannot occur in a healthy way. For a large percent of today's college generation, Kennedy's premature death snatched away their model soon after their identification process had begun, and ruined the first stage of their self-assertion. Although I will hesitate to say that the second stage of the process has occurred in a completely unhealthy way, it has certainly be haphazard and frustrating.

However, it must be noted that the adolescent's model need not be the President of the United States. It can be a father, a mother, a teacher, a religious figure or anyone else with whom he can identify. But the adolescent of 1963 had developed his own sub-culture and held no respect for the values or institutions of the older generation, rendering traditional identification virtually impossible.

With Kennedy dead and other possibilities for identification rejected, the restless youth looked for a new model. The first glance was back to the White House where they found a balding 55-year old in place of their handsome youthful hero. Lyndon B. Johnson's shortcomings as a model for youth were quickly obvious.

Kennedy has represented the dynamic idea of the "New Frontier." His leadership had produced a 10-year Alliance for Progress to aid Latin America, a test ban treaty with the Soviet Union, the Peace Corps, sweeping civil rights legislation which was enacted shortly after his death, and a nonmilitary policy toward the problems of Southeast Asia. He was an intellectual who understood society's problems which he coped with honestly and self-assuredly. Johnson, on the other hand with his Texan drawl, his hookednose and his inability to communicate effectively with American youth, was unable to represent hope or inspiration for the future. In contrast to Kennedy's continual peace efforts, Johnson escalated military action in Vietnam with the help of a $2.4 billion military aid bill which he signed after pushing it through Congress. This military approach, coupled with his image of uncertainty, alienated him from American youth almost immediately and forced them to go onward with neither a symbol with which to identify nor any confidence in the government's ability to cope with society's ills.

So today's youth have no common respected hero. They have little respect for their parents' values and life styles. They are so used to affluence that they reject it. They see ugly divisions within society between black and white, between rich and poor. In short, they find America far from the "best of all possible worlds" and are unable to accept it. Everywhere one looks he sees great numbers of youth discontented with almost everything. For them, the present adult society is unacceptable and they have chosen a variety of ways to avoid it.

Basically, today's discontented youth has taken one of four paths in search of Utopia. He has become either a political activist, a society drop-out, what I will term a "lost soul" or a college intellectual.

The political activists are most prevelant today, finding their place almost exclusively on college campuses. That this group among students has always existed cannot be disputed. But the changes in outlook, methods and goals have been great in the past four years.

In the 50's and early 60's, activists were usually members of small groups who helped political candidates, debated current issues and advocated civil rights and the banning of the atomic bomb. Today, the college political groups are almost entirely radical left-wingers, violently opposing the Vietnam war, the corporate military system, and the draft; advocating student power, free speech, free love, legalized drugs and social assimilation of Negroes, and unwilling to be held back by anyone. The peace demonstrations last spring in New York and this fall in Washington, repeated sit-ins and boycotts at C.C.N.Y., Berkeley and other campuses all over the country and violent protests against job recruiters, such as Dow Chemical, most recently at the University of Wisconsin and earlier at University of Michigan, are just a few examples of student activism.

The keynote of all these actions has been complete disregard for order and authority. When before the mid-60's did students call the Vice-President of the U.S. a murderer and beat their fists on his car as happened at Stanford last February? When in the past did Harvard elites roll over in front of the car of the Secretary of Defense as they did last year? When did students burn draft cards, or storm the Pentagon with no fear or care about punishment? These things certainly have never occurred before the past few years. In previous days, activists showed their concern by participating in orderly peaceful boycotts, pickets and sit-ins. Recently student activism has been filled with ugly disruption, violence and out-and-out disrespect for the law and the nation's leaders.

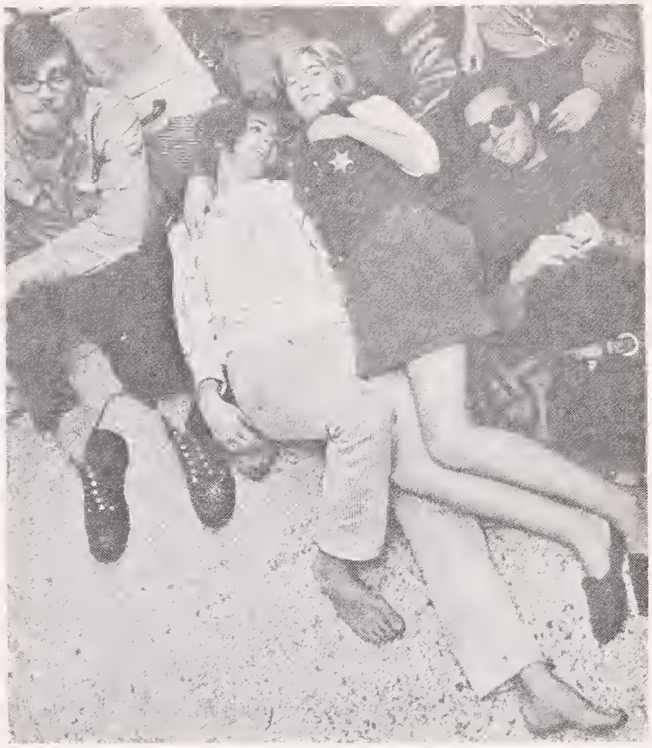
Part of the explanation of this change lies in the overwhelming hatred of the war, the increase in mass communications and the rising number of student activists But even disregarding these variables, it is evident that the orientation of political activism has shifted greatly. To quote social critic Paul Goodman speaking about radical students: "We have noticed their style of direct and frank confrontation, their democratic inclusiveness and aristocratic carelessness of status, caste or getting ahead . . . their effort to be authentic and committed to their causes . . . . their determination to have a say and their refusal to be processed as standard items, their extreme distrust of topdown direction . . . their disillusionment with the system of institutions . . ."

In addition, there have been a few events in the past few years which have added to the climate of violence and have perhaps subconsciously pushed student activists toward a more violent level. Take, for example, the racial riots which have exploded nationwide for the past three summers. Or the case of the University of Texas student Charles Whitman who for no apparent reason killed 15 people within a matter of moments one afternoon two summers ago. Max Lerner finds one cause of Whitman's shooting in "a failure of identification, with the consequent rebellion that issues in senseless violence . . ." This difficulty as mentioned earlier is common among today's youth and, although most don't resort to killing, they comfort themselves with expressions of disorderly political activism.

But this movement, as it exists today, cannot succeed completely. Its participants are trying to do too much too soon. You just can't change a society rooted in 200 years of tradition and growth in one fell swoop. Their attempt to break down America and rebuild it into something better can bring about only minor changes. However, the attempt gives them hope for Utopia and enables them to remain removed from the type of life they despise--that is, American middle class materialism and apathy.

A second path which some youth choose to achieve their temporary Utopia is to drop out from society. The people who choose this road comprise the "flower children" or the LSD cult, who conform to Dr. Timothy Leary's formula to "turn on, tune in, and drop out." They advocate

(Continued on Page 23)



Dropouts ""freak out"" at drug party.

Interchapter II

"Mom, Mom, I'm home." David walked into the kitchen to find it empty. He looked out the back window and saw his mother talking to the next door neighbor. "Mom, I'm home."

"Yes, David. I'll be right there."

The front doorbell rang. "Hi, Rich."

"Hi, David. You want to play stickball?"

"Nah. My piano teacher is coming in a little while. I have a crummy lesson this afternoon."

"Aw, forget it then. I'll see ya tomorrow."

"Okay."

Just then, David's mother entered the living room. "David, I have to talk to you."

David sat down. "What about, Mom?"

"About your piano lesson."

"What about it?"

"What I have to tell you is very serious, David, and I want you to be grown up about it."

"About what?"

"Well, I got a phone call a little while ago and, well . . . Mrs. Gotthelf died this morning."

David hesitated for a moment. "So I won't be having any more piano lessons?"

"Well, not for a while anyway."

"Can I go out and play stickball, Mom?"

--STEPHEN SPIEGEL

Which Will It Be

By Dusty Nelson

Two-headed beast of always
You chase me there
hold me here
A slave am I
but not only me
No-one is ever free of your follow or lead
The very snow melts in Time
and trees wither
and love dies
You take my fountain
dry it
a ruined heap of cracks I left
If I were only old enough to
but of course I'm young too

merely hours remain
no minutes
she's gone
I can remember though
that is an always
but always is your expression
why must you chase
I can but follow
What was worthwhile it was
What is worthwhile is is
What will be worthwhile is
I don't know
what makes me worry
Sometime I'll have a life to live
It's funny because it's so perhaps
Good-bye for now
and then, and then
but when again
perhaps

Time why race
you're much to slow
which is it then when never sometime
I've known you long
who is he or is it me
that must not think
of your fabled depths
in which men sink
I see a love
approach you Time
I know of waiting
anticipating then losing
all the while gaining
until there are
but two of choice
You must be master
Time you know
I backed you up
but rats attack
I hold my throat
Realize now how defenseless
is
my heart
but so what of it
Please don't grin
that way
oh have my vein
what use is blood

but arm yourself
and wary be
for strength lies in this
choice for
Me

Go on gaming sir
pull your lever
spin the wheel one must land
I quake
Yet her eyes can't help
I try to know
I must be not lose
which will it be
forever never

The failure of the civil rights movement coupled with the futility of the Vietnam was has widened the gap between the American Dream and the American Reality .

Disillusionment and Despair In American Politics

By Herbert S. Ford

THE POLITICAL AND SPIRITUAL HISTORY of the last eight years show a progressive movement from hope to disillusionment. The early years of this decade were dominated by two important phenomena which heralded hope. The first was the person of John Kennedy whose personality emanated hope, a new day, a new beginning, the reshaping of the future, the end of an era of drift, and a rededication on a national level to all the ideals that seventh graders take as reality.

The second was the civil rights movement which was going to bring twenty million Americans into the " main stream of American life." It was going to renew the humanitarian spirit which runs so deep within the fabric of this nation. The Movement was going to bring the major contradictions of the American Dream and the American Reality into line. It was the brotherhood that would cleanse the soul of a nation with a semiracist culture.

Today both John Kennedy and the Movement are stone cold dead. The hope is replaced by despair. That new golden day has turned very cold, and the culture which was about to be rebaptized is stained with emotions of violence. The death of hope is a very sad thing. Sadder still is the now obvious divisions in American life between black and white, rich and poor, young and old, and rhetoric and reality.

As I look back to our immediate past, the chaos, frustration, violence, and racism of today hurt all the more. Things seemed so right in 1961. With 1968 approaching, I can only see destruction, civil disorder, personal instability, and death ahead. There is very little hope in this America.

Today, the spirit and energy of America is biforcated. In Vietnam, nothing much is happening but killing. General Westmoreland is reassuring, but we must understand that his job is to be reassuring. The President seems confident, but his career and reputation are at stake. Nevertheless, the only movement that can be seen is the rising total of those already dead.

The war in the ghetto is quiet now, and the emotions are submerged. Newark and Detroit are the cold burnt-out districts of a summer of complete failure. The young audaciously play in the newly vacant lots games Police never allowed in the street. As the Viet Cong use the huge bomb craters as fish ponds, the children of the ghetto play stick ball amid the destruction.

The once optimistic civil rights organizations are against the wall. The Student Non-Violent Coordination Committee, which was all its name implied in 1963, has fallen flat on its face. The "snick kids" are literally starving in the South trying to organize the Black Panther Party. Stokley Carmichael, who at one time according to Claude Brown (Manchild in the Promised Land) really believed sit-ins and marchs would be enough, is almost persona non grata in the United States. Rap Brown, who is confined by court order to New York, is quiet after a summer of infuriating the country by demonstrating the extreme a man might go in order to secure his freedom.

SNCC alienated most of the usually "liberal" Jewish community this summer by taking an unusually strong Pro-Arab position after the war in the Middle East. The position merely aggravated the tensions created by the rebellions. It is interesting to note that in Newark, it seemed as if the majority of the furniture, appliance, and clothing stores destroyed on Springfield Avenue during last summer's riots were owned by people whose list of names reads almost like an Anti-Defamation League mailing list. While militant blacks may point this out, they merely mean that the usually self-righteous Jew is no different than anyone else who exploits the ghetto.

On a personal level, racial hatred is at a new height. In the North, many fearful suburbanites now own guns that they do not know how to use safely. The hatred between the Police, who for the most part are ethnically Irish and Italian, and the black people is as great as can be expected. In one tense incident a week after the Newark rebellion, I heard a young officer brandishing a riot gun in the face of a black man on a picket line say through the sights of his gun, "You're shit. I'm something - so shut up or I'll kill you." The other men on the picket line immediately dragged their friend to a nearby car.

In politics, the Congress of Racial Equality (CORE) is making a feeble attempt to recall Mayor Addonizio of Newark. Their petition calls upon all property owners, businessmen, and citizens to recall from office a mayor who has been deaf to their needs. The document could have been written by William F. Buckley. Some people sign it, but most shrug it off. Petitions and electoral politics seem to mean very little to the man in the cold.

Carl Stokes and Richard Hatcher represent new leadership for the man in the cold. In both Cleveland and Gary, hope has been renewed for the moment. If some substantive change can occur soon (which is unlikely), that hope might be sustained; however, if only the rhetoric of change is sustained, there are many militant voices to point to the uselessness of this hope.

Perhaps, many people are expecting too much from a mayor. It seems that the office itself is an ineffective place to affect change. The power relationships today seem to point to the national government. Unfortunately the national government is preoccupied. One would hope that at least moral leadership and the spirit of cooperation would come

Scene at last summer's riots in Newark.

Engelhardt in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

"You Must Be Thrilled to Have Your Village Liberated"

from the White House. Another power center which has always been slow to accept the need for social change is the business community. It will take more than advertisements in newspapers for the business community to prove it has a social conscience it is ready to act on.

Only one mayor protrudes from the general mediocrity of the majority. Mayor John Lindsay of New York City has many of the people convinced that he cares. Lindsay comes closer to the Kennedy image both physically and rhetorically. He has managed to sustain the necessary rhetoric of change while tackling the bumbling bureaucracy he inherited. When Lindsay's policies are non-existent, he improvises. Often the mayor will appear personally on the scene hoping his own personal magnetism will prevent the trouble that years of exploitation and neglect have created.

Although it is ture that John Lindsay can walk the streets of New York almost as well as a numbers runner, it is another question as to whether he can see the problems of the people from that gut level. Perhaps his supreme innovation has been the summer of activities in the parks. It seemed as if the mayor wanted everyone so busy going to concerts and plays last summer that no one would have the opportunity to contemplate his personal despair. It is surely a new method of social control.

If one compares early 1961 with the middle of 1967, one great change is obvious. In 1961 people believed that the President of the United States was an honest, well intentioned man. In 1967, no one is sure. It would have been unfortunate had anyone missed the President during his performances concerning the Detroit rebellion. His benign face beamed Southern confidence and moral certainty. Yet the political moves the President was making against Governor Romney were the most pitiful political exploitation of the office of the President.

Finally, the President asked the American people to pray while the centers of our civilization were being destroyed by its own "free" citizens. (These same "free" citizens had voted overwhelmingly for the President.)

At that moment, America wanted to know what the President was going to do. He could have admitted his failure, the failure of our whole culture, and stated his determination to start solving the problem from the cause. He could have proclaimed a new beginning, a new understanding of the frustrations of the black people trapped in the ghetto. He did none of the sort. I assume that Lyndon Johnson is still waiting to hear from God.

If America was given anything, it was more of the same programs which had failed to prevent the Newark and Detroit rebellions. The anti-poverty drive by the government has obviously convinced very few people that real changes are occuring. No hope has been created. Militancy is being reinforced by the inaction of our "leaders."

We are in the very cold month of December, and no new legislation has been enacted to start the "reconstruction" of our society which will prevent massive civil disorder. No one can doubt that America has only seen the beginning of what its racism will bring. I am sure that only a new administration could possibly curtail the almost definite future of constant civil violence.

Additionally I am sure that only a new administration will be able to free the nation from the despair of an endless war in Vietnam and open the way for peace. No matter in what manner the President calls for "peace," I cannot believe that he sincerely expects a response. The objective which the President has set forth as American goals seems unattainable unless the "enemy" is ready to surrender. Those goals are securing the territorial integrity of South Vietnam and preserving the bastard democracy which has created the formalities of freedom.

The problem of Vietnam originated in the political realities of a nationalist-communist movement reaching back to the Second World War. The indiginous strength of this movement is both political and military. The likelihood of such a movement occuring in Africa or South America is remote because of the time needed to build the immense organization which our "enemy" has created. It took exceptional blundering to get us where we are.

While military action each week produces amazing body count figures of enemy dead as reported by Washington, the whole social and cultural fabric of a once traditional society is being devastated. It is no joy to see American liberation push tens of thousands of refugees into camps of shanties and barbed wire. The American version of freedom and democracy has turned into a weird combination of death, confinement, and social disruption which no nation should have to endur in the name of victory for a political system.

In terms of peace as defined by the President, the "enemy" would have to give up all it has gained since 1959 and all it has planned since 1946. Our benign President does not understand his peace is surrender by the "enemy." The policy can only breed despair.

The hope of most liberals is for a bombing pause. Without some compromise in American objectives (recognition of the National Liberation Front for instance), any hope of a response is foolish. Perhaps if the President were more honest and declared his intentions mean victory, then no one would be misled and expect the "enemy" to discuss the President's absurd terms for surrender.

The war has already caused many Americans to surrender their confidence in the present administration. The mendacity of this government has caused any suspicion anyone could have harbored against Franklin Roosevelt to be equaled. Today mendacity is a methodology for Lyndon Johnson. It is a defense mechanism for his obvious failings. Five or ten years ago most Americans thought propaganda and lies were merely Russian animals. Today mendacity sits on the cabinet of an administration with a cul-de-sac foreign policy.

It is no wonder why so many young and old Americans are disillusioned. The despair mounts everyday as the useless dead are reported. It is as if Americans were living a horrible dream in which all its latent perversions were exhibited. One wonders if this is the same physical world as existed in 1961. It surely is not the sort of spiritual and emotional climate in which a nation can solve its pressing problems. It is frightening to realize what today has brought.

Herbert S. Ford, 21, is a senior American Studies major at Lehigh University. Mr. Ford, Literary Editor of the Paisley, hopes to pursue an academic career in intellectual history.

Trends in Cont

By Dudl

When the Beatles arrive
with them a new trend i
musical sounds and new
tion have brought a new
once called rock n' roll

The music that used to be called "rock and roll" has, subtly and gradually, come a long way since its invasion in the early fifties. Looking back, it's hard to find much link connecting today's Beatles with yesterday's crew cuts and Bill Haley. Who would have thought, in 1954, that rock and roll would turn out to have an intellectual appeal?

Yet, today, signs of adult, even academic acceptance of this music are everywhere: unprecedented numbers of adults and post-teens now buy albums by chart-making groups; songs like "Michelle," "Monday, Monday," "Uptight," "One-Two-Three" and "The In Crowd" appear in the repertoires of Ella Fitzgerald, Frank Sinatra, Nancy Wilson and most jazz bands and combos. The New York Times recently devoted several thousand admiring words to Motown Records; and, significantly, such names as The Supremes, The Beatles, Dionne Warwick, Petula Clark, The Temptations, and others, occur high in the year-end listings of the "Down Beat" and "Playboy" jazz polls.

In view of the new mass acceptance, the name "rock and roll" (appropriate to 1954's "Sh-Boom") seems outdated and insulting; most critics now call it Contemporary Music. A survey of recent records and trends may indicate some reasons for the respect now being accorded this unexpectedly rich genre.

Certainly the most famous and influential trend in recent years has been the popularity of British groups. It was, after all, The Beatles who first made adult listeners realize that their teenagers really had hold of something. And while most British groups faded rapidly, both The Beatles and The Rolling Stones have grown increasingly important as creative musical forces.

The newest British album of note, The Rolling Stones "Between the Buttons," scores another solid advance for this hard, audacious group, and will become a quick classic in its field. The LP is filled with the same freshness and imagination that made the Beatles "Rubber Soul" and "Revolver" so important. Like The Beatles, The Stones have often borrowed Baroque techniques and harmonies, featured here in the stately hit, "Ruby Tuesday," with its off beat flute and onbeat piano. Another unusual song, "She Smiled Sweetly," uses a dignified, churchly organ. An old-fashioned, honky-tonk piano lends a barroom feeling to several other tunes, especially the cynical "Calm, Cool, Collected" (which ends in a hectic frenzy, ironically opposing the title). A full Dixieland band

The Rolling Stones

emporary Music

Brown

n late 1963, they brought
ontemporary music". New
leas in writing and produc-
a to the music which was

ollowed the Beatles.

swings jauntily behind "Something Happened to Me Yesterday," which also has a deliberately corny segment, apparently parodying a bubbly Lawrence Welk-type orchestra. Equally unique, "Complicated" illustrates its name, building quickly to several explosive crescendos.

Throughout the LP, the lyrics (as usual on Stones' songs) are mocking and sometimes violent, sneering at pomp, sham and conventionality, especially "respectable" girls. If this is The Stones' answer to the Beatles' trend-setting "Revolver," one waits to see how the still - king of British groups will respond.

When the British groups first descended, American artists did an almost total fade-out from public consciousness. Recently, however, balance has been restored, with various stateside performers creating interesting new sounds. Two of the freshest, most distinctive groups to arrive recently are The Lovin' Spoonful and The Mama's and the Papa's.

A new album "Best of the Lovin'Spoonful," exemplifies the continuing appeal of this spontaneous, lively quartet. Less tuneful than The Beatles, and less driving than The Stones, the Spoonful have a gently lilting, happily rolling sound, causing their records to be advertised as "Good Time Music." Their first song, "Do You Believe in Magic?", describes their own approach: "Makes you feel happy like an old-time movie." Combing touches of both country music (especially in their guitars) and the blues, and adding clever, humorous lyrics, the Lovin' Spoonful produce breezy, relaxing ditties like "Younger Girl," "Did You Ever Have to Make Up Your Mind," and the loping "Daydream." All these songs have a distinctly old-fashioned atmosphere. Entirely modern, however, is "Summer in the City," where the lyrical guitarists turn hard, the easy-going drummer becomes savage, and the vocalist sounds as "gritty" as the city he describes.

Another new album, "The Mamas and Papas Deliver," offers the third sample of the luxuriant, rich style which often makes this group sound larger than four. Unique about Mamas' and Papas' albums is that even the bad selections, the failures, are interesting because of the always-striking harmonics and loud-soft modulations. Like The Beatles and The Stones, this group usually sounds best on its own material rather than the covers on other artists' tunes. Thus, on the

(Continued on Page 25)

The Persian Rug

By Elliott Tepper

When was it,
When we were last in that room?
It wasn't May;
It wasn't June.
There were no flowers and I remember snow on the ground.
It wasn't a pretty time then
If times could be pretty.

The room was old and still is old--
I've been back.
Its colors are a little more weary, weaker,
Its odors, well, perhaps less pronounced, meaker.

I came back, you were there too.
Or don't you remember --
The Persian rug, the wine, my chest, your tremer.

It was warm, but there was snow
And I stood before the curtained window in the muted light.
I told you I was Lazarus
And you laughed.
I told you I was Caesar
and you laughed again.
You came and kissed me
And ran your hand around the nape of my neck,
Down my back and asked:
"But where are Caesar's robes?"
I kissed you.

We sat on the dead remains of Asian animals
That covered the floor between the bed and the drawn curtain
And I counted your fingers while we talked of love,
And good food, and thousands of other things we knew nothing about.

You told me of your woman ways,
But I've forgotten them.
Now that they weren't important.
It's just that woman, even young women,
Weave their wonder with a secret stitch.
You listened to me.
Do you remember,
How I moved my mouth and mumbled things about truth and beauty.
I talked of things real in unreal words,
When you and the carpet and the half light were real.

When we didn't talk I petted your waist and kissed you
And felt the gentle itch of the fiber on the floor.
We fell asleep with the light silence and rythym of heart beat.

Half lights became half shadows
And you woke me by tracing the pattern of the carpet on my stomach.
You kissed me in the middle of my yawn.
Then you laughed and I went to the bath room.

Is it all clear now?
You must remember,
The last time,
The pretty time.

Fraternity of Oblivion

By Elton W. Jones

HIGH AGAINST THE HORIZON of a new dawn looms the greystone walls, a hideous memorial of human bondage. It casts a dark shadow over city dwellings, a grim reminder that justice lurks above life like a giant vulture which will pluck offending mankind from society and drop him into an abyss of living torment and damnation that lies behind and within those walls.

Elton Jones, 21, presently resides at a maximum security prison in Pennsylvania. Self-educated beyond the sixth-grade, Mr. Jones expresses an interest in an eventual occupation in the field of commercial writing. The drawing, also featured in this article, was done by Mr. Jones.

"Processed by faceless, nameless men, the 'guards',
He enters his first phase of being an inmate."

Having finished with your morning toiletry, you move with shuffling feet up the walkway with other inmates, acknowledging their presence with a grunt or a piercing glance. Yes, there are others! United in misery are the outcasts of society, the burglars, the thieves, murderers, con-men, forgers, perverts, the guilty, and at times the innocent. You now form a fraternity of oblivion. But you find no comfort in numbers, for there are no friends or loved ones behind the wall. Each man is considered an enemy. You stand among semi-barbarians who await only a slight show of weakness to pounce upon and berate his fellow inmate until that man is but a sniveling, simpering semblance of a man. Yes, you stand among many such as yourself, but you stand alone!

Each morning your brain stimulates the thought that with the thud of justice's gavel, all hope was shattered. Instilled in your mind is man's foremost instinct, self-preservation. To preserve and maintain all the dignity possible to an inmate, to be ever-conscious of his each movement, his every singular action. The prisoner must summon all his strength and mental capacities, perhaps for the first time, to combat the executors of prisons world-wide. Gone are the rack, the cross, the hot irons and the whip. Replacing them are idleness, loneliness, self-pity, and most feared of all, insanity, the deadliest of the torturing emotions.

You walk in single file to get your trays upon which lies your breakfast, tasteless food that gives your slowly wasting body energy to go on. It would make little difference if the food was gourmet, you would still groan as you gazed upon it, complain as you tasted it, for this is a natural prison instinct, to complain.

The guards look upon you as you shuffle past them on your way back to the tier. They shout a jovial "Good morning" at you, but it is questionable whether they are doing it to be pleasant or out of enjoyment at seeing your pained expression, for it takes a strange breed of man to lock another in cage and not show a visible regret. Good morning? There is none such. Morning is merely a reference to the most hated hours for they start the tedious day.

Time ticks on, and you try to pass the morning hours. You clean your cell, mop the tier. You wander among your fellow inmates, with a few words here, a growl of distaste there. The gabbing voices disgust you, the tales of crimes, of love and lustful exploits, the lies, the exaggerations, and rarely, the truth. . ." Well, man, me and three dames was. . ."; "So I pulled this gun and said. . ."; "Yea, me old lady says that I'm a son-of-. . ."; "But I told the judge I wasn't there when. . ." . . .Over and over the stories are told, and time ticks, slowly, ever so slowly on.

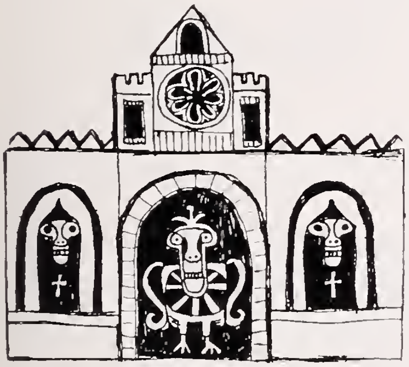
Having finished the morning prison chores, you begin the afternoon wait. Childish games are played to ward off idleness, books are read to help quench the thirst of lust, and conversation is made to help stave off boredom. You growl and snarl in anger as a fellow inmate is hauled off to solitary confinement for some infraction of the rules. You make a feeble attempt at voiced protest, but it dies as quickly as it is inflamed, for each man must bear his own cross. Newspapers are bought and

RAMBALL
Jeweler

"Know the Diamonds
Your Hand Holds"

RAMBALL JEWELRY STORE
R. E. KRESSLER, PROP.
129 WEST FOURTH ST. BETHLEHEM, PENNA.

read from headlines to advertisements, all of which partially quench the thirst for news of the outside. You sit around on benches like old men in a park. Being debated is the threat of communism. Veterans of the last war sit around you, men who struggled for democracy and freedom. Men now locked in the vice of justice. You think, " The majority of these men would fight for freedom, and country even though their individual freedom is now curtailed." You drift from group to group, listening to, and occasionally taking part in, the conversations. Bound together are so many men, so many views of life. Men, some wise, some foolish, some terrifying.



A guard appears and calls for J. Tomkins. " A discharge." Tomkins shouts wildly in his joy as he rushes to gather his few belongings. The inmates surge around him, wishing him luck, perhaps trying to whisper a message to someone on the outside. The old-timers just stare; they have seen many come and go. They know that their day will come sometime. And so they all wait, envying J. Tomkins but not begrudging him his joy. You turn your head as Tomkins retreats down the hall, shouting fruitless promises of writing in a few days. But everyone knows that once he tastes the sweet nectar of freedom, that once he is on the outside, he too will forget those on the inside. And time drags on as a bell rings for the afternoon meal. Soon will come mail call! You move through the same chow line picking up the same tasteless food. It's the same cycle day after day.

Time ticks on as you wait intensely for mail call. Mail, the delight of a prisoner, but you feel a cold fear in the bottom of your stomach as the thought registers that you might not get a letter today! You send up a silent prayer to the God whom you otherwise ignore, the God known as simply J.C. The letters from loved ones or friends are eagerly sought. You starve for words of love, for words of hope, for words of reassurance. Your name is called and you snatch a letter away from the hands of the guard, to retreat to your cell, away from probing eyes, where you can savor each word, each paragraph. You read and reread, trying to analyze a loved one's thoughts as she wrote the beautiful lines now lying before you. Is there a hint of insincerity? No, she still loves you and will continue to love unless time sways her away. Time, damnable time! Again you reread the lines. A feeling of peace teases you; for a second it's there. You try to cling to that feeling, but no, it's gone. There will be no peace! Yet now you can at least face the remainder of the day, you are able to endure its senselessness, and still time passes slowly on.

A dismal atmosphere hovers about those terrible walls, and a feeling of gloom settles on all who see them. Never does a smile accompany a glance. For there is no suggestion of beauty, no far-flung hopes of joy. There are no sounds of laughter or phrases of peaceful conversation, just the lonely refrain of passing winds which carry along the echoes of the tormented, the forgotten, the damned.

Standing majestically by those towering walls is the House of Justice down whose corridors the misfits must trod to hear the verdict of guilty passed, and from whence they must watch helplessly as hope and happiness flee, never again to return. From here they must walk beneath the piercing glances of the judges and the righteous, the total of their sentencing ringing in their ears, mingling with the laments of loved ones, the mothers, the wives, and the children down whose faces fall a sea of endless tears. They pass beneath the majestic portals of the House of Justice and enter into a living nightmare, taking the final degrading step from citizen to prisoner, from a man to a phase of nothingness.

Processed by faceless, nameless men known only as the " guard" or " the man", he enters his first phase of being an inmate. The street clothes are stripped from his back, being replaced with " prison browns". At the same time the prison rules and regulations are being read to him by the man. Rules consisting of: You must do this, you must do that. You shall not do this and you shall not do that. He is then led down the corridors which so many other nameless souls before him have wandered. He is put into a cell of cement and steel, defiantly entombed behind the greystone walls, his baptism of wretchedness just beginning.

The prisoner is now a helpless victim of time, time which tears, twists, and engulfs his body and mind; each second is defined as clear agony. Time is now a monster which lurks in every nook and cranny of the prison, a monkey on the prisoner's back from which there is no escape. He is besieged by a hundred new emotions, each signifying a seemingly endless torrential stage of the blues as time begins slowly, ever so slowly to tick away.

Merciful sleep, the mind is at rest, unknowing, uncaring, unfeeling. But sleep does not linger. Upon awakening, the one

(Continued on Page 27)

Interchapter-III

The weight of my bulky attire caused my feet to sink deeply into the thick jungle mire.

My combat boots were metal-plated in the soles and toes. A pair of light foil leggings protected me from my ankles to my calves. I carried two of the latest model rifles, one over each shoulder, and had almost 100 rounds of ammunition criss-crossed over my chest and back. My utility belt consisted of multi-sized tin containers harboring extra food and medical supplies. The helmet, which adorned my head, had been modified to include a slip-down plastic eye shield. Covering the middle of my back was a five-channel, two-band short wave radio. A series of hand grenades and bayonets complemented these supplies.

Through the unfamiliar growth, I plodded - the invincible product of government issue. The enemy would have to place a bullet through my right thigh, or mid-way down my left arm to deter my advance.

Then suddenly, directly before me, a boy leaped from one side of the narrow jungle path. I recognized him immediately as the virile and wily foe. He was armed with a sling shot tucked devilishley in his waist sash and the bulge in his loin cloth revealed a reserve supply of projectiles. As if this initial armament was deemed insufficient, he also daringly brandished a smooth bamboo stick, the end of which had been rendered to a cusp.

As I crouched low, the words of my training manual flashed automatically across my receptive mind: "never engage in hand-to-hand combat unless you are either out of ammunition or have run as far as you are able."

Since I could honestly place myself in neither category, I immediately surrendered.

--RICHARD ROBERTS

. . . . And I Got Run Over By a Truck

By Dusty Nelson

As I waltzed along the
fresh new lane
I spied an imagination tree
fenced in by barbed wire
charged by static electricity

As I walked along the
slightly withered road
I spied an imagination tree
fenced in by barbed wire

As I ran down the dead
old highway
I spied an imagination tree
but there was no fence
and I got run over by a
truck

I would like to know
if ever there was one
among us who needed
no thumb

When I was young I wrote
of being free of the yoke of
my age but now I am
younger and I stare with
wide-eyed fright who is my
closest companion and we
have decided to hide under
the wagon

Rope is twisted and
braided in funny ways and
people hang from it
and swings hang
from it and little children
hang from the rope end
swing feet dangling and
laugh and giggle
but they get down

I fear for those who
believe that the "O" is
truly enclosed by an
endless line

You see the time is here
for realism and all you
need do is open your eyes

You see the time is here
for realism and yet you
shield your face

You see the time is here
for realism though you
are now blind
there is beauty too
if you'll open your
mind

Youth and the 60's

(Continued from Page 11)

love, use drugs frequently and seek a totally free life. To them American society is a "hang-up," and by dropping out, they escape it and join a new society, complete with flowers, beads, music, free love and no responsibility. They live in filth, eat when they can afford to, and reject all material objects.

Although these hippies have received enormous nationwide publicity, they are a very small minority centered mainly in the East Village, New York and in Haight-Ashbury, San Francisco. These areas were formerly the homes of the nonconforming beatniks, society's drop-outs of the 50's and early 60's. That American youth has changed greatly in recent years can also be seen in comparing the beatniks to the new drop-outs.

Whereas the beatniks were also escaping traditional society, they lived more civilly and were concerned with accomplishing good. They were interested in art and poetry and spent much of their time furthering these interests. They were very individualistic and tended to lead private orderly lives. They were basically law-abiding and wanted only to be left alone to do as they wished. Today's drop-outs have no meaningful interests or ambition, and spend most of their time taking drugs and experiencing psychedelic reactions. They care little for law and order and seem to enjoy publicity and attention. In short, where the beatniks had direction and ambition, the hippies are simply escaping society and responsibility.

What makes the hippies more important, however, is not their little Utopias in New York and San Francisco, but the semi-hippy groups which have evolved from them.

The semi-hippies, better known as "plastic people," are those who lead typical 9-5 existences daily and join the hippies at night; youths who live normally during the week and become hippies on weekends, and teen-age suburbanites who run away from comfortable homes to become hippies. The first two types lead a double-life and use their hippy existences to satisfy their frustrations or curiosities. They are "straight" people who are unhappy with their normal lives, but afraid to drop-out completely. The third group, consisting mainly of girls and referred to as "teenyboppers" or runaways, are also frustrated and reject the material good their parents offer. Since they usually reach hippieland with little money and clothing, most are forced to "shack up" with almost anyone they meet. Pregnancies, abortions and venereal diseases are common and most of them find even less happiness than they did at home. For many, their new life is short-lived as parents search, find them, and take them home. Others never return.

Discontented war protestor.

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LEHIGH CLASS RINGS By JOHN ROBERTS

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One who will never return is 18-year-old Linda Fitzpatrick, who dropped out of an exclusive boarding school to go to the East Village. There she began living with another dropout, "Groovy" Hutchinson, who turned her on to LSD and "speed" (Methedrine). From a 30 room home in Greenwich, Conn., Linda moved into a tenement boiler room with "Groovy" in the East Village, where their nude bloody bodies were found dead one morning this past October.

Reaction to this incident was overwhelming as thousands of parents renewed searches for runaway children, and many hippies, aghast at such violence, planned to "split the scene." This tragedy is only one sign of increasing violence and fear in hippieland and there are indications that the movement may be dying. Only time will tell.

The third group among America's youth are what I call the lost souls. These are people who are pointed in a direction and have a goal in life, but have neither the desire nor enthusiasm to pursue it. Their lives have been mapped out either by their own premature choices which they are unable to correct or by their parents desires, which they were too weak to reject. Although this type of person might appear to be secure and contented, deep down there is a lack of motivation and a feeling of helplessness. To him life is boring, unsatisfying and uncertain. In a way, he is like one of the plastic people, unhappy with his life but afraid to break from his pre-destined pattern.

The lost soul is perhaps the most pathetic of all youth. He knows that he is unhappy, but is unable to improve his lot. He knows neither what he wants nor how to find out.

Some people in this group bury themselves in their schoolwork hoping to find salvation. Others are unable to do so, fail out of school and go to work in attempting to find themselves. Still others will struggle through college, graduate and remain unstable. Whichever path the lost soul takes, there is little hope for happiness for a long time, if ever.

Perhaps the most important to a discussion of today's youth are the college intellectuals who have sprung up all over the country in large numbers.

This group comprises serious-minded people who work hard in school, but are somewhat disillusioned with their society. They too reject materialism but are realistic enough to understand the importance of financial security. In general, they do not use LSD, Methedrine or any other amphetamines, but occasionally use marijuana. Their goal is not to escape, but to examine, synthesize and fine meaning to their lives. Pot is used, basically as a stimulus for deep thought, rather than as an escape.

This group can be found in varying numbers at every college and university in America. In most cases, their college curricula are centered around the humanities and social sciences, and their schoolwork is important. They read Ramparts Magazine and The New Republic and are probably the best-informed students on the campus. Many want to become teachers, social workers, writers, politicians or join the Peace Corps. A few aspire to law, medicine or dentistry. However, they reject American business and industry and represent the true liberalism among America's youth.

Of all groups of today's college generation, these so-called intellectuals are most content with their lives and have the most confidence in their future. Although their college years represent a tough struggle in attaining self-direction and self-assertion, they are prepared to cope with the real world. They are not revolutionists, nor escapists nor weak-minded. They have come to grips with their problems, kept a cool head and discovered what they wanted.

This is not to say that intellectual youth did not suffer from the loss of President Kennedy or that they found a new model with whom to identify. What I am saying is that the group is the only one which understood its problem fully, made an honest attempt to overcome it, and seems to have succeeded. The other groups of today's college generation failed to do these things and continue to suffer because of it. For them the self-assertion process has been unhealthy because they were unable to overcome the loss of their model, whom they trusted so dearly.

Perhaps the late 60's will produce a model comparable to Kennedy who can guide the next college generation. Only then will American adults stop lamenting that "youth is wasted on the young."

Goodman Brown

By Elliott Tepper

I a man
You a woman
But there are others too.

An octave lower,
Deminishing in quality
Perhaps,
Not the elemental shade of Blue.
Perhaps not at all.

But what does that matter
When they beat each other's breasts?
I have never had a nice life.
Just spent my time living,
Avoiding all the nicities foils and fables are made of.

I am the Brother of Satan
And you are my sister,
Soft and twining to the lewd screws
Of a bed filled with evil and incest.

I am the father of Sons twinted and deformed,
Of daughter as hollow as our bones
and as rotted as our hearts.

We are the holy hosts,
Who believe in the darker spirits
Of the early evening and hanging night.

Pass the pot around the inner circle
Among the friends of the specaled night,
Breatheren everyone of them to each other
And starless nights.

Round the pot everyone run.
Round the vessel of primevil plants we've come.
It is here the night is darkest.
It is here we're one.

There Lived Goodman Brown.
He left a good Christen
And was buried in black.

Contemporary Music

Four Tops-
Motown favorites

(Continued from Page 17)

new album, the versions of "My Girl" and "Twist and Shout" are not impressive. But there is a dramatic, unpredictable version of the Shirelles' "Dedicated to the One I Love." Mama Cass, whose powerful "I Call Your Name" and "Words of Love" were highlights of the first two albums, has two graceful, comparatively muted solos, "Sing For Your Supper" and "Do You Ever Want to Cry?" Probably the most striking band is "Boys and Girls Together," punctuated by fantastic, soaring trumpets. However, buyers might feel disappointed at the inclusion of two instrumentals, which are attractive and imaginative, but don't seem to fit. All in all, a provocative but uneven LP; it's unlikely that this foursome (or anyone) will top their stunning first album.

In 1961, long before The Beatles landed, a new style coming from Detroit began garnering some attention. At first electic, Motown Records began developing a unique approach, which in 1965 exploded into a major, much-imitated force. The popularity of the Motown groups has opened doors to mass acceptance for such authentic, deserving soul artists on other labels as James Brown, Otis Redding, and Wilson Pickett. Motown itself is not really soul music, but a glossy, sophisticated, polished version of same. While the above-listed performers emphasize primitive rough wailing with basic, bluesy backgrounds, Motown Records tend to have smoother vocalizing with swirling string accompaniments, symphonic crescendos, and a general complexity and richness of arrangement. A typical Motown record, like Stevie Wonder's "Up Tight" or Martha and the Vandellas' "I'm Ready for Love," seems to have layer upon layer of background sound, creating a massive effect, a thick pattern of many strands, which could be called an intricate arabesque. Within this basic framework, the Motown artists have developed personal approaches, so that one can easily distinguish the graceful, elegant Supremes from the galvanic, piercing Martha and the Vandellas, or the electrifying Four Tops from the silky, lower-key Miracles.

A recent album, "Temptations Greatest Hits," demonstrates the growth of Motown's style over the last three years, showing a continuing trend toward increased complexity. The Temptations' first records "The Way You Do the Things You Do," featured high-pitched, close harmony with heavy brass backgrounds. A second stage ("My Girl," "It's Growing") shows more subtlety, individual voices take off on their own flights, not always staying together; the Motown strings spiral upward and down in the background, rising to lyrical climaxes; the tunes are smooth and flowing. Later songs, "Ain't Too Proud to Beg" and "Beauty is Only Skin Deep" uses bells, bongo drums, and intricate trumpet figures. Both songs yield new surprises after innumerable hearings, one of the final tests of good music.

The Beatles -- They reshaped it.

The most famous Motown group, The Supremes, demonstrate their ever-changing style on several recent albums. Always singing with consummate style, exuberance and a trace of wistfullness, this trio has crossed all musical boundary lines, becoming a sought-after adult night club act, and winning "Playboy's" 1966 poll. Their "I Hear a Symphony" album emphasizes lush ballads and includes the radiant, lyrical title song; a live "At the Copa" album demonstrates their versatility with Broadway tunes and a long, varied Sam Cooke medley; "Supremes a Go Go" is a classy run-through of recent Motown hits, including the incredibly well-constructed "You Can't Hurry Love," whose harmonic changes and powerful arrangement would take pages to analyze. Lead singer Diana's growing skill in phrasing and dramatic timing are increasingly impressive on these outings.

While there is much to praise in contemporary music, there does remain, of course, much to deplore and even more to ignore. As in any field, quality records are a minority, so that the charts are always riddled with trash or forgettable trivia. Such records include "Teeny-bopper" records (Tommy Roe), obnoxious tunelessness ("The Beat Goes On," Sonny and Cher), and that bizarre phenomenon, Nancy Sinatra. Perhaps the most offensive recent trent (fortunately, one that will be short-lived) is "psychedelic" music. Popularity of these unnatural records may be partly blamed on the Beatles, who made some inventive experiment with farout, distorted sounds on "Revolver." But such acts as The Count Five ("Psychotic Reaction"), The Blues Magoos ("We Ain't

Smokey Robinson and the Miracles.

The Lovin' Spoonful - Good time music.

Got Nothin' Yet"), and the Electric Prunes ("I Had Too Much to Dream"), lacking the Beatles; talent, have produced gimmicky, electronic records that amount to ugly, meaningless cacaphony. Some other "manufactured" music is more acceptable, but ultimately empty. The Monkees, for example, have an attractive but shallow bounce. It's now well known that The Monkees possess little musical ability; their ingratiating personalties and genuinely funny TV show have made them idols, especially since the Beatles; latest songs ("Eleanor Rigby," "Penny Lane") are going over teenagers' heads. But the Monkees' songs are artificial, computerized, and uninventive. It must be significant that fairly few people over 18 buy these records. Meanwhile, another synthetic group, the cheerfully bland Beach Boys, have been experimenting with electronic gimmicks ("Good Vibrations") to give their records an interest not inherent in the voices or material.

These and many other performers will not be remembered for long. But it's clear by now that contemporary music has produced much of lasting interest. Besides the artists discussed here in detail, many performers regularly produce high-quality records: the thought-provoking Simon and Garfunkel; the melodic Byrds; those excellent instrumentalists, the Young Rascals; the emotional Dusty Springfield; the soulful Dionne Warwick; the dynamic Petula Clark, to name a few. This writer predicts that many of their artists and their songs, more than merely speaking for our own age will endure.

Dudley Brown spent four years as a graduate assistant in the English Department at Lehigh University. He hopes some day to write professionally on the subject of contemporary music.

A Message to Robert Zimmerman

By Marc Ross

The soul beats/click click
a clock moves
with heart felt rhythm
a bust, a bust, a bust,
of Brahms perhaps, a pounding drum
the small small snare
of a snake like drum
The beat, the beat, the beat . . . .
that is all that matters
in the world. A
headache beats me to shit.
But the roll of the drums
continues
to make my feet do things
that a dead mouse would
never dream of doing
The apple finally fell from
the mighty oak, and my
ache is still pissing me off
the essence of fresh ground coffee is
like an aphrodisiac to some but the
beat would rather have something
that brews better. a pot in every chicken.
Pot in every pot is a motto that some head
will use when he runs for president
of some village cafe.
Some people kill for
licorish but i would
rather have some spoiled wine.
What do shades mean
in the night when
there are men who make love
in the day of
atonement that is so rapidly
approaching. A
painter is supposed to like
art, but there are some
who own no clothes even
in this age of men who look like
so many dead
women and care less about
what or how any-
one else looks like. So

why should i care if
you take out my
sister, I have
only brothers.

Fraternity Of Oblivion

(Continued from Page 21)

thought foremost is, "Let me waken at home; let me reach out and feel the tenderness of my love beside me," and carrying through with the thought you move your arm and come in contact with cold steel. As you open your eyes and toss aside the peaceful shrouds of sleep, your still drowsy mind snaps into reality as you gaze at the sickly yellow and green colors which surround you. The steel in which you now lay, three walls of hard, impenetrable steel with iron columns making a sliding doorway of the fourth wall. How many times have you awakened with a feeling of disgust as you lay on your iron bunk and let your eyes wander about the cell, seeing the footlocker, the small cold water sink, and the commode, also boxed in steel. Steel, concrete, and solid walls, spines of iron which cast drab parallel shadows over all. Your cell is one of many in a long corridor known as a tier. Outside your cell is a walkway five feet across, a hundred feet long, and then again rising steel another ten feet by a hundred feet and a concrete wall, a few windows guarded, yes, by steel. You struggle from your iron bunk, tossing aside the blanket and the sheet. You slip your feet into your shoes, for long months of experience have taught you that the concrete floor is bitter cold as only the floor of a prison can be. Another day begins as the ticking of cell doors being unwound penetrates the silence. Another day is beginning, another twenty four hours spent in going through a ritual of vagueness, a constant cycle unchanging as your sentence is being served. As you put on your dull prison browns, your mind automatically registers the fact that you have twenty minutes before breakfast. You gasp as you splash your face with cold water, drying it with a prison towel. You comb your hair, seeing your reflection in a small round mirror. Your reflection, a prisoner's face with a thin, trembling mouth, a mouth which once smiled and laughed, which once embraced an acknowledged love, once a child, once a man, and now a prisoner. Sunken cheeks, high cheekbones, and deep-set eyes. Eyes, the pictures of the soul, reflecting hardness, misery, loneliness, and hate. You curse your reflection for being ugly or handsome, for being weak or strong, but mostly you curse it for its stupidity at being a prisoner.

The married prisoner is subject to double mental torture. He is plagued by worries of the hardships of his family. But most of all he fears losing their respect, even their love itself. Over and over he hears the saga of the unfaithful wife. This thought haunts him, building doubt, building heartache, laying the shakey groundwork of mental stress. He goes through the torture every day, and time passes--ever so slowly.

The afternoon is spent in dull routine. You slip through the evening meal with your miscreant companions. Your every movement is now mechanical from lack of energy. You move as little as possible; time has sired laziness. To outside eyes you move with an air of nonchalance, but this is also a false front, a superficial facet of the instinct of self-preservation.

Evening settles, the light casting grotesque shadows. Moods sink lower, nerves quiver, inner fear of solitude begins. You listen to broadcast music as you slip into memories of yesterdays never to be seen again. You hear the cheery clink of glasses, dimly remember the taste of wine.

". . . you sink into the physical mire . . . sleep, Yet . . . even in sleep a prisoner has no peace."

Momentarily you forget the present; dramatized are hopes for the future. Time passes on. You snap back into reality as the guard locks you in your cell. "Goodnight", he says as your barred door slides shut. Damned good night!

The main lights are turned off, dim night lights cast an eerie glow over prisoner and prison alike. The silence is deafening, broken only by the snores and sobs of wretched men. You become conscious of passing seconds, you even hear a clock ticking them off, or so you think. But no, it's just some fool snapping his fingernails. Imagination soars as ghosts of long-dead prisoners from ages past creep down the corridor leering at you. But look again--they're only guards making their rounds. They are checking to see that no escape attempts are made, to see that no unfortunate body has defied the fear of the unknown and slashed his wrists, embracing the serenity of death.

And slowly you sink into the physical mire known as sleep. Yet your slowly warping mind still works on you in the form of dreamland and pass into the arms of your loved one. But this is highly improbable. Even in sleep a prisoner has no peace. But a small smile appears on your face as you realize deep inside that for another day you have defeated time and its devilishly low seconds.

Yes, time is passing on, but each hour is an eternity--an eternity, yet still but a fraction of your sentence.

To will away the precious time
wishing for hours to spread their wings
and days and weeks are much
too slow while years
    cannot but grow it seems
to me 'cause I want to be
older and wiser
I wish sagacity and patronage
and a fountain in which to bathe
In time I'll be whole
I hate to wait
for now is so yes and youth
inspires in one a thirst for
daydreamed time that never ends

-- Dusty Nelson

Interchapter IV

I knew it was a special trip because Momma gave me candy before we left.

We parked in front of the big brown house with a lot of trees. We went through a small hallway and I sat down on a rocking-horse in the corner by the window. The room was filled with ladies and other boys and girls.

From time to time people would leave the room and go down a long hallway. Everytime, I could hear the sound of crying. Then they would come back the ladies smiling and the kiddies sad.

Then, it was my turn. He was nice and I couldn't understand why they had cried. My mother told me how brave I was, and then he took out the silver thing. I cried.

On the way home, momma gave me more candy.

--JEFF GREIFF

. . . And An Opposing View

Song of the War Death

By RICHARD K. RAININ

You say that war's an evil thing
Breeds death and sickness of the heart.
And those who think of war and sing
Are evil hawks who play the part.

For who loves death? You stalwarts cry
Or pain? Indeed. And I agree.
Yet, think, just once, that you might die.
How pleasant might a peace-death be?

True, one who dies at twenty-two
Shot through the brain while war is waged
Will never have as much as you ---
The fun of eighty years of age.

He'll never feel the joy of pain
Of seeing loved ones pass away.
You've surely got a lot to gain
With worries spreading day by day.

Life's got much more than pain, you yell.
The search for love, the charm of chance.
You've eighty years for fun and hell.
Why existance without romance?

Of course! Romance! Why that's the key!
A thrilling life with thrilling luck.
Think how romantic it could be ---
Middle-aged you beneath a truck.

I say live life, to youth be true.
And think about a noble death.
The honored guest (by all but you)
Stamp out old years, just wasted breath.

You'll mourn my passing, I'll be gone.
"Why does God permit the war?"
You'll think with every coming dawn.
It won't be me whose heart is sore.

Dedicated To All College Seniors

YOU!

YOU!
Most Moral and Well Meaning Among Men

YOU!
Victim of Absurd Diplomatic Double Dealing

THEN
Will Die!

YOU!
Naive Patriot

UNCLE! SAM! WANTS!
YOU!

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